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Shakespeare, not Bacon

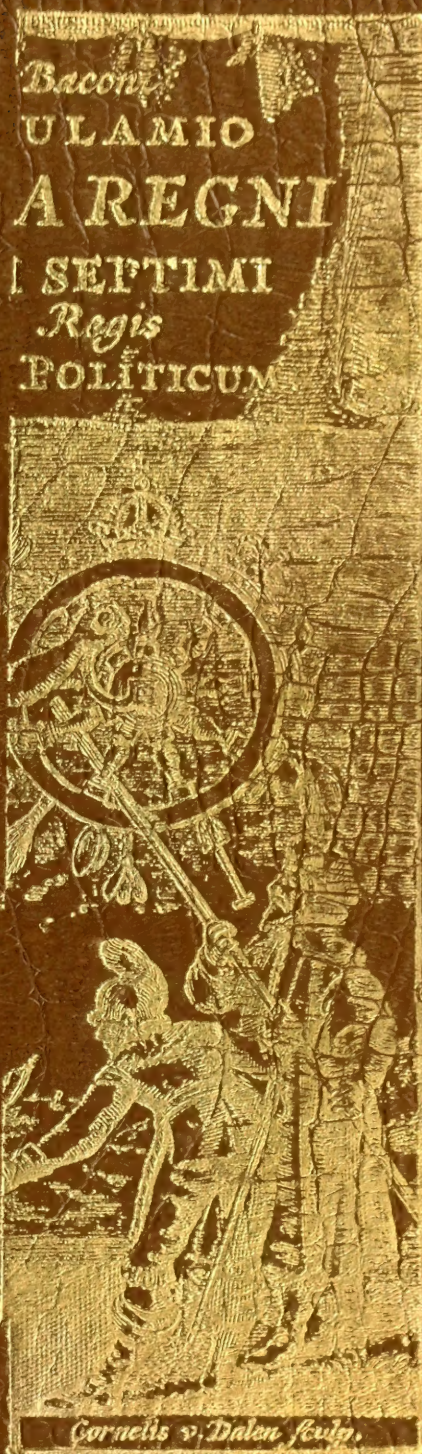
A Reply to
Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's
"MYTH!"

by CHARLES R. HAND



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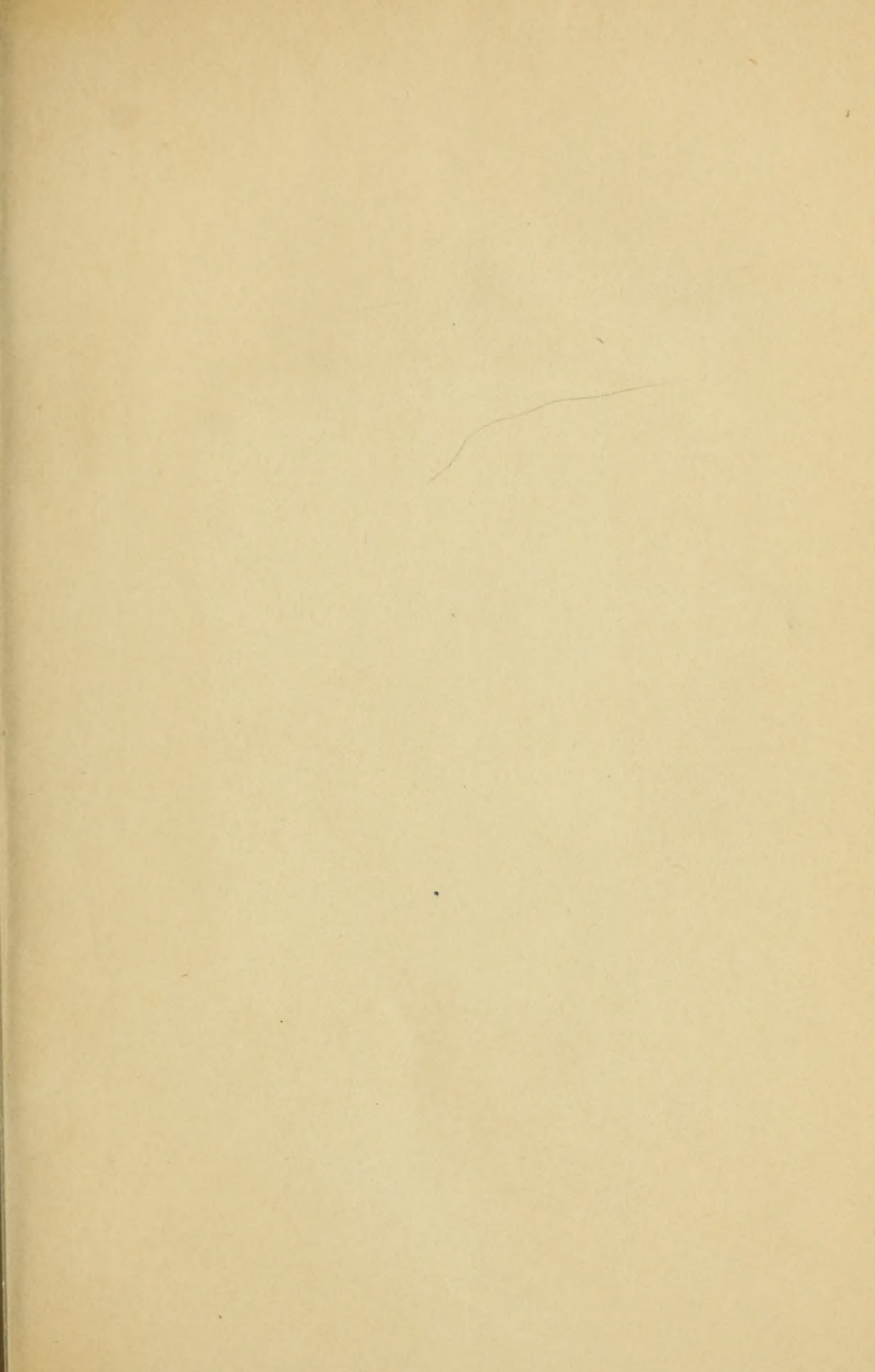
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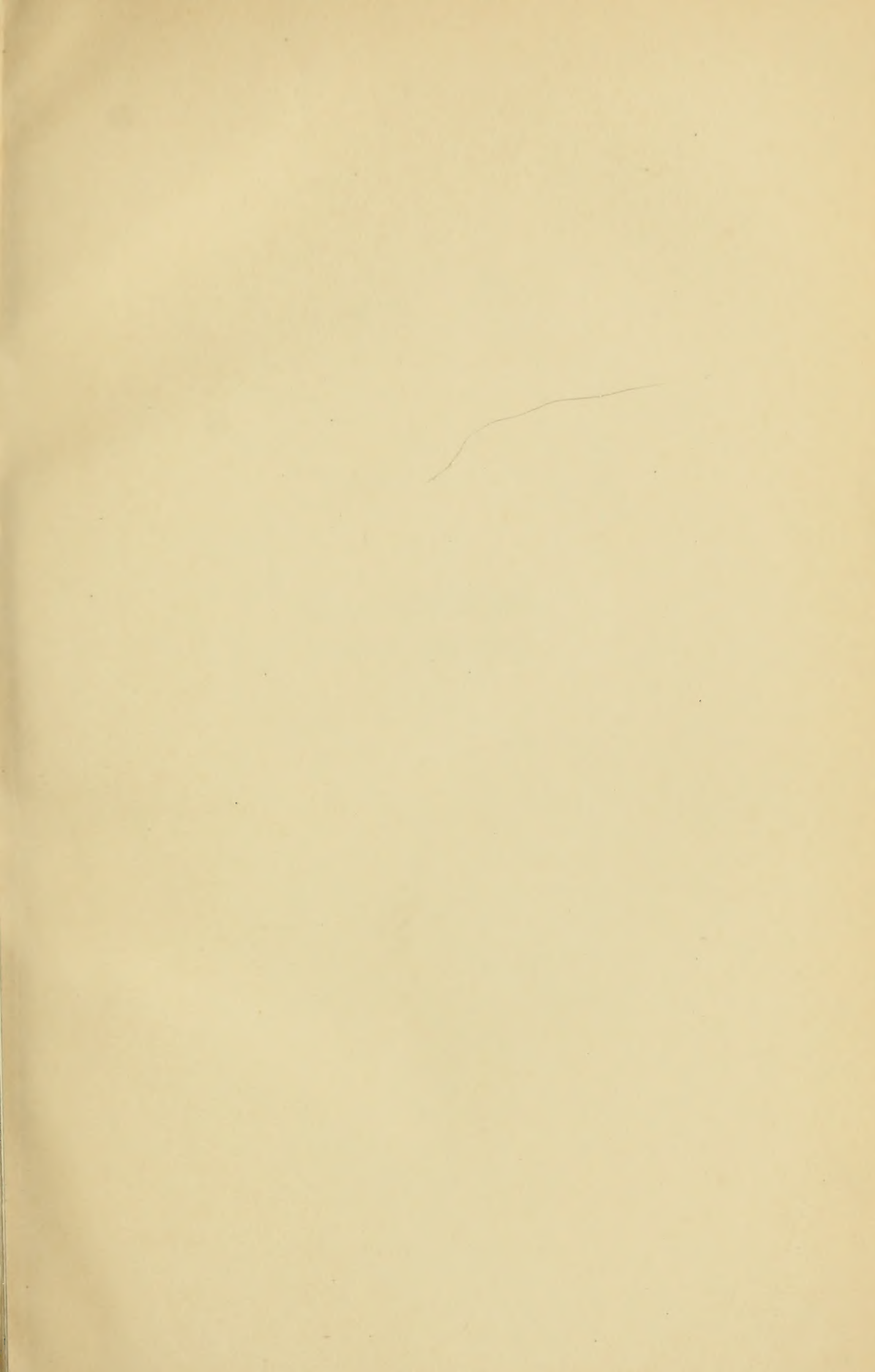


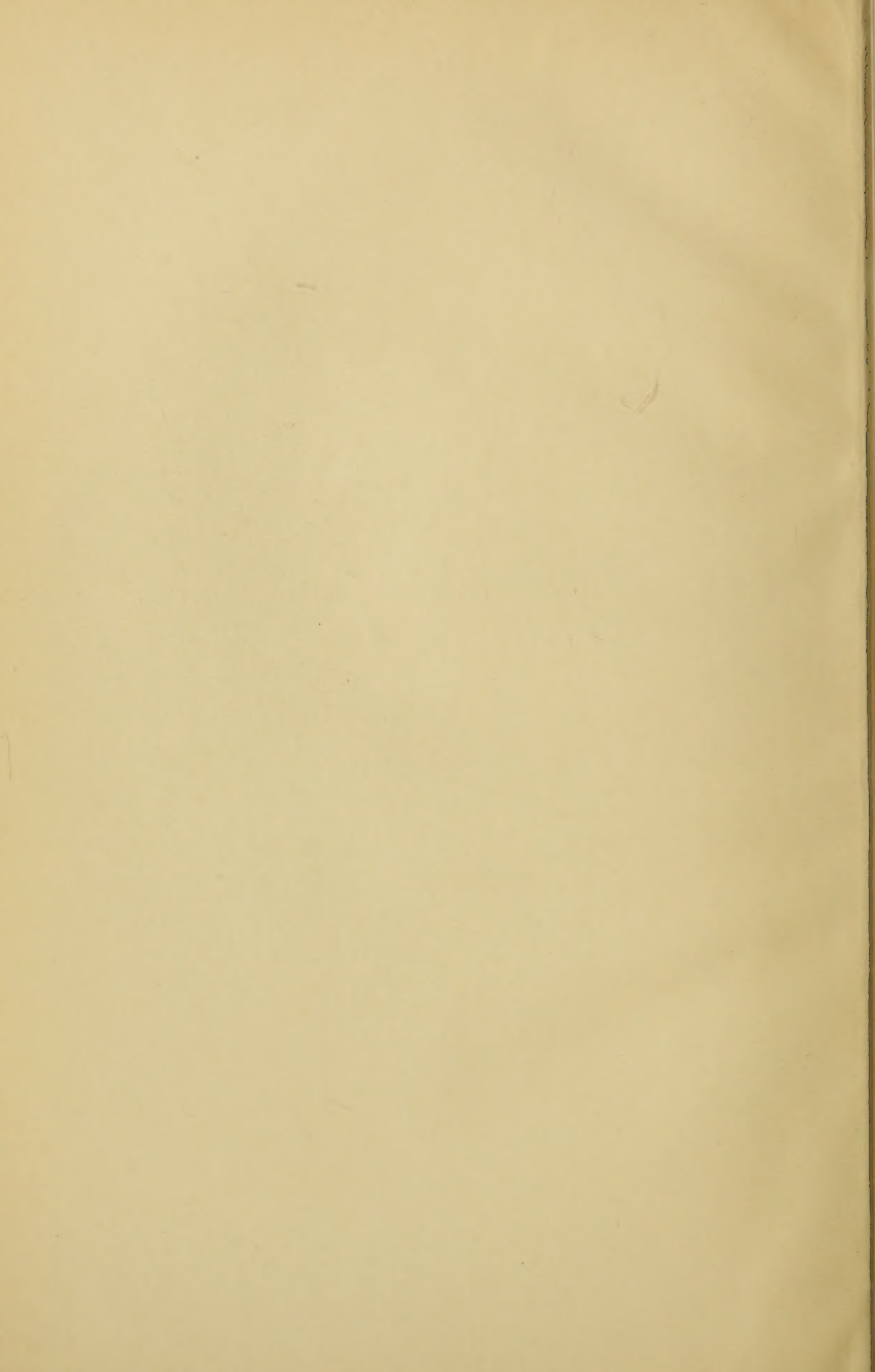


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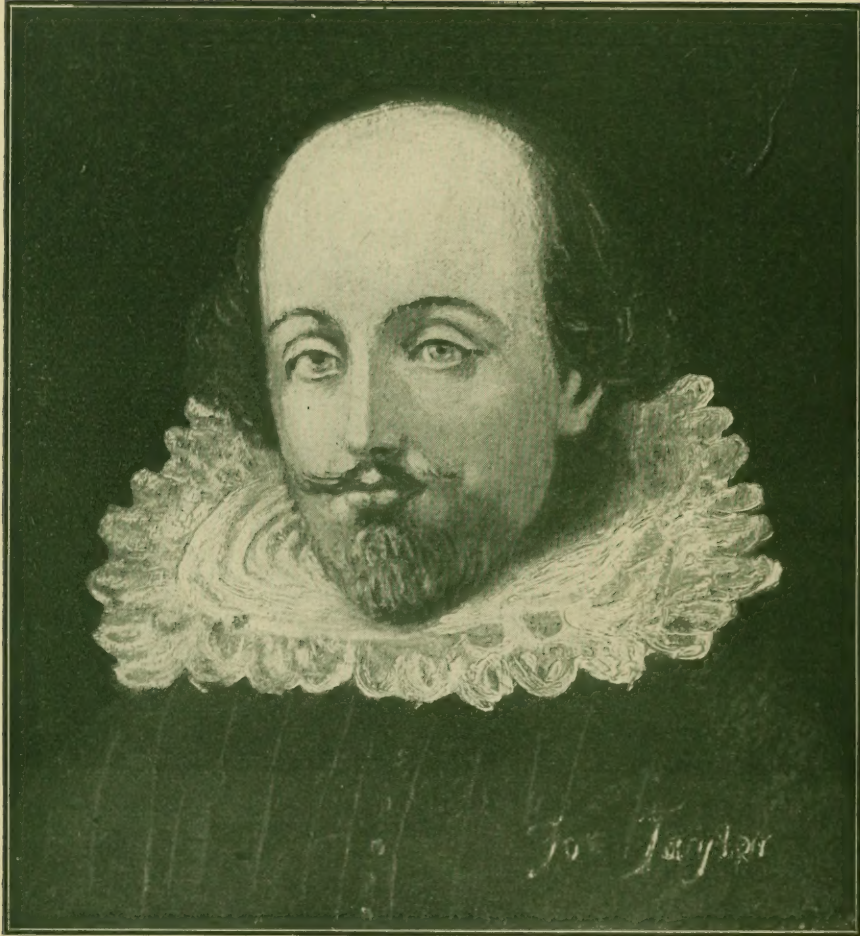




SHAKESPEARE,
NOT BACON



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THE
TAYLOR
PORTRAIT

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SHAKESPEARE NOT BACON

*Drama
Shakespeare*

A REPLY TO SIR EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE'S
"MYTH!"

H.

BY
CHARLES R. HAND

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LIVERPOOL
HAND & CO.

1913



PR
2946
D82H36



FORE-WORD.

On December 2nd last, an article dealing with Andrew Lang's last book, was printed in the "Liverpool Post and Mercury," in the course of which the writer remarked :—

"Happily Lang does not waste his wit and wisdom upon the extremer forms of Baconian lunacy, upon the believers in the cryptograms of Donnelly and Orville Owen, upon those who find mystic significance in 'honorificabilitudinitatibus,' or the latest brood of Bedlamites who see hidden evidence in the engraved frontispieces to Dutch editions of Bacon's works. A busy man of letters earning his living with his pen has no time for follies of this kind; but an amateur of learning and leisure, with a taste for literary sport, might, if he thought it worth the cost and trouble, run the last-named absurdity to earth in the libraries of Leyden and The Hague, where we think he would be likely to discover that the aforesaid frontispieces had done duty in books published decades before Bacon was born. In which event the Baconians, who have not shrunk from postponing the death of Bacon for a hundred years or so to make him author of the 'Essay on Man' and the 'Tale of the Tub,'



would be quite equal to pushing back his birth to any requisite date.

"There is a form of Baconianism which on the surface looks saner, the form from which Mr. Greenwood, author of 'The Shakespeare Problem Restated,' suffers, and to it Lang addressed himself. What we may call the vaccinated variety of the disease depends on two hypotheses. First, that the works of Shakespeare are wonders of scholarship; and, secondly, that Shakespeare was such an ignorant lout that he could not possibly have written them. Therefore, say the Greenwoodians, Bacon or some equally learned person must have written the plays.

"Both hypotheses are absurd. Only one scholar, the late Churton Collins, so far as we are aware, ever held that the plays bore marks of high scholarship, and he had what amounted to monomania on the subject of literary thefts. But the persons who are most impressed by the scholarship of the plays are those who, like Shakespeare himself, have little Latin and less Greek. . . .

"In three years from the 23rd of next April Shakespeare will have been dead three hundred years, and until about fifty years ago it had never entered the head of mortal man or woman to doubt that he was the author of the works which bear his name. Now, this counts for something. All his contemporaries cannot have been congenital idiots; and if he was in life an illiterate yokel who carried about with him the smell of the stables and the shippin, some of those rivals who struggled between jealousy and reluctant

adoration must have known it. Shakespeare, then, holds the field. It is not for us to prove that he wrote what for two hundred and fifty years the whole world believed he wrote. It is for the other people to prove that somebody else wrote the works. We freely admit the extreme ingenuity of many of the Baconian arguments, but, without going into the details which Lang handles with such masterly wit and force, we are contented to submit one or two general objections. The Baconian arguments prove too much. If you accept them as proving that Bacon . . . wrote Shakespeare, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that he wrote most of the other things that have been written. Thus, some years ago, in the defunct organ 'Baconiana,' Mrs. Pott, or some other ingenious lady, proved to her own satisfaction . . . that Bacon wrote the Annals of Tacitus and the Book of Job.

"Now we have the latest recruit to the credulous band, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, who has convinced himself that Bacon was the true author of the Authorised Version of the English Bible. One of his arguments is characteristic. He finds that in the Forty-sixth Psalm the forty-sixth word from the beginning is 'shake,' and the forty-sixth word from the end is 'spear,' if you don't count 'selah,' which, of course, is not part of the text. For our own part we should be disposed to think, if the fact is significant of anything, that it suggests Shakespeare to have been the hidden author. However, we do not profess to understand the mental processes of Baconians. But we should imagine that a sane thinker confronted



with a theory which leads to such absurd conclusions would say 'That way madness lies,' and give it a wide berth."

The Frontispiece is a photograph of the original portrait of Shakespeare which Mr. Frederick Holland, the noted Antiquarian, of Llandudno, North Wales, came across early last year while visiting a friend in Liverpool, who had been its possessor for many years. While, of course, there are differences of opinion, it is almost unanimously conceded to be an undoubted contemporary portrait from life, by Joseph Taylor, co-actor with Shakespeare.

It is painted on a panel measuring $5\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and bears the signature of "Jo' Taylor." On the edge of one side of the panel an inscription has been cut—"W. Eaves 1795," and "W.E. 1795" on the opposite side, which is evidently the name of a former possessor.

The portrait was exhibited at the Great Shakespearean Exhibition, Earl's Court, London, last year, where it created considerable interest; and it is now on loan at the Shakespeare Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon.

A LITERARY LUNACY.



Under the above heading, the following correspondence appeared in the "Liverpool Post and Mercury," during December, 1912:—

In your issue of December 2, under the above heading, you make reference to myself. I am sure, therefore, that of your courtesy you will accord me a little space for a reply.

Last Saturday, November 30, Mr. Sydney Grundy, the dramatist, replied in the *Globe*, London, to an article which had appeared in that paper on November 28, in which the writer, in a favourable review of Mr. Andrew Lang's book, had said "we do not suggest that Mr. Lang offers any new or illuminating thoughts." With this Mr. Grundy says that he agrees, and adds: "Mr. Lang most monstrously assumes that Shakespeare could read. The weight of evidence is to the contrary."

Yes, as I have proved beyond the possibility of cavil or question, Shakespeare was totally un-

able to write so much as a single letter of his own name. No one now claims that we possess anything that can even be supposed to be from Shakespeare's pen except only the six so-called signatures, which are all written in law script by law clerks, for there does not exist in England any example of a signature in law script written after 1550, by a private person, the only people who signed in law script being certain officials of the law courts. (a)

We are also told in contemporary books that Shakespeare was unable to read a line of print. All this is fully set forth in *Notes and Queries*, August 24 and October 26, as well as in my own little book, *The Shakespeare Myth*, of which we are just commencing to print its half million. No single word in this book has been or ever will be successfully controverted, because every statement is supported by irrefragable evidence. (a) Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, another well-known dramatist, recently declared that all that the supporters of William Shakespeare seemed able to do in answer to the Baconians was "to cry Bah and to cry Boo." The time for this "literary lunacy" is over. Lord Byron, Lord Palmerston, Lord Houghton (father of the present Marquis of Crewe), Benjamin Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield), John

Bright, S. T. Coleridge, R. W. Emerson, J. G. Whittier, Dr. W. H. Furness, and Mark Twain were among those wise enough to perceive that the plays were not the work of the drunken, illiterate Stratford clown; while Prince Bismarck said "he could not understand how it were possible that a man, however gifted with the intuition of genius, could have written what was attributed to Shakespeare unless he had been in touch with the great affairs of state, behind the scenes of political life, and also intimate with all the social courtesies and refinements of thought which, in Shakespeare's time, were only to be met with in the highest circles." . . . It also seemed to Prince Bismarck incredible that the man who had written the greatest dramas in the world's literature could of his own free will, while still in the prime of life, have retired to such a place as Stratford-upon-Avon and lived there for years, cut off from intellectual society, and out of touch with the world. And so say all of us, and likewise, so say the students both at Oxford and at Cambridge, who are making game of the fossils who still profess to believe in the Stratford myth.

EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

13 Carlton House Terrace,

London, Dec. 4, 1912.

Like the fabled hydra of old, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence—cut down and destroyed in one place—reappears in another in the same worn-out guise, and with the same baseless misstatements and inventions.

Time after time his fantastical theory has been exposed; time after time Sir Edwin has been challenged to submit proofs in substantiation of his wild assumptions; but every time Sir Edwin deems discretion the better part of valour, and, for the nonce, relapses into silence. I had a tilt with him last summer, but could not keep him to the point. (*b*) Let us see if he will again evade the issue.

I thoroughly agree with your admirable article, headed as above. The writer remarked:—“It is not for us to prove that he (Shakespeare) wrote what for (nearly) 250 years the whole world believed he wrote. It is for the other people to prove that somebody else wrote the works.” This, if you will kindly permit me to do so, I again ask Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence to do.

Personally I am of the opinion that another Baconian genius ought, later, if you, sir, will permit, to be bracketed with Sir Edwin. I allude to Mr. Harold Bayley. Probably he and Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence are the two most energetic

champions of the Bacon theory of the past decade, and a comparison of their statements and opinions would provide extremely interesting reading.

They both invent statements, and claim that their constant repetition of those statements constitute evidence and proof.

Take Sir Edwin's *Shakespeare Myth*. He informs us that

“£1000 was given to him (Shakespeare) in order to induce him to incur the risk entailed by allowing his name to appear upon the plays.”

Mark, he does not say that *Bacon* gave Shakespeare the money, but that is the only inference throughout.

Will Sir Edwin tell us when, where, and by whom was this £1000 paid over to Shakespeare for this purpose, and produce proof?

He says that Shakespeare was

“a drunken, illiterate clown,”

that there is

“no likeness of Shakespeare in existence,”

that

“Shakespeare never was an actor, was unable to read, and was totally unable to write even a single letter of his name.”

Will Sir Edwin substantiate, and submit proof of, each of these statements?

His pictorial attempts are also utterly devoid of accuracy.

He writes that the Droeshout portrait is a

“stuffed dummy surmounted by a mask with an ear attached . . . like the back side of a shoe-horn, so as to form a . . . cup to . . . conceal any real ear which might be behind it.” (c)

This engraving is generally acknowledged to be “a poor production, crude and harsh.” What Sir Edwin claims to be the edge of a mask is simply a line of shading in the engraving; and Sir Edwin apparently is not aware that this engraving is merely an indifferent copy of the original portrait (No. 27) in the Shakespeare Memorial, at Stratford-on-Avon.

Again, on page 13 of his *Myth* (a myth indeed!), he reproduces the illustrated title-page of Bacon's *Henry VII.*, and says (page 12),

“On the LEFT side of the picture upon the lower level—(d)

(What Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence chooses to term the LEFT side of the engraving and the lower level, is, of course, THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE, as the reproduction of that half of the title-page shows; but an ordinary use of proper terms would simply give the death-blow to his “left-handed” theory)

—we see . . . Francis Bacon . . . stopping the wheel with the shaft of a SPEAR, which the ‘left-handed’ actor grasps—or shall we say ‘shakes’ . . . ” (d)

Now this "SPEAR" is *not a spear at all*. A spear is a "long, pointed weapon for thrusting or throwing," or a "sharp-pointed instrument." If Sir Edwin will carefully examine the print—which I fear he has not yet done—he will discover that his "spear" is *simply a long round pole or staff, with a straight end, and of the same diameter from end to end*. Yet it is by misrepresentations such as these that he is compelled to bolster up his case.

Lastly, for the present, take his words :

"For reasons which it is not now necessary to discuss, Bacon selected as one of the keys to the mystery of his authorship . . . the number 53."

Time and space will not permit of more than one



parallel case. Sir Edwin tells us that "Pompey,"
 "in" and "got" in *Anthony and Cleopatra* on
 "the invisible page 53"

(which, however, is really page 346),

"come directly under each other, and their initial
 letters being P.I.G. we quite easily read 'Pig,'
 which is what we were looking for."

This "fact" proves that Bacon wrote *Anthony and Cleopatra*!

On his own showing, I will now prove to Sir Edwin that Bacon wrote yet another work, of which "fact" Sir Edwin is probably not aware. On page 53 in volume iii. of *The Female Revolutionary Plutarch*, by the author of *The Revolutionary Plutarch* and *Memoirs of Talleyrand*, published by John Murray, 32 Fleet Street, London, 1805, the first word of the first line is "Princess," the first word of the second line is "I," the first word of the third line is "Greatest," and (vide Sir Edwin) "their initial letters being P.I.G., we quite easily read 'Pig,' which is what we were looking for!" This proves (!) that Bacon wrote *The Female Revolutionary Plutarch*!

Sir Edwin, again, is probably not yet aware that Bacon has been discovered to be "Alive!"; that by adopting Sir Edwin's methods, Mr. Thomas Sheppard, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., F.S.A., of Hull, has proved that Bacon wrote *Gent's*

*History of Hull and Mr. Sheppard's own
Geological Rambles in East Yorkshire.*

In fact, by the adoption of the methods of present-day Baconian fanatics, one may prove anything.

CHARLES R. HAND.

Ashfield, Wavertree,

Dec. 7, 1912.

I thank you for your courtesy in printing my letter in your issue of December 7, but I am still more obliged to you for printing the absurd letter of Mr. C. R. Hand in your issue of December 11, which is, I suppose, intended to be an answer to mine.

With respect to "The Portrait" (so called) in the 1623 folio of the plays, Mr. Hand is evidently not aware that the painting at Stratford is now "acknowledged" to be a (comparatively) modern forgery, as is proved by the style of the artist's writing upon the picture itself (*e*); while if the print in the folio is badly drawn, how do the Stratfordians account for Ben Jonson's extravagantly eulogistic verses? These, I have shown, are not in praise of the ridiculous dummy, but of the remarkable skill exhibited by the artist in

doing out nature and hiding the face. But I should have thought that everyone whom you have honoured by inserting his letter in your valuable paper would have known which was the right and which was the left side of a shield or of a picture, and also would have known what the shaft of a spear looked like.

Mr. Hand appears to have been trying to confuse himself over the number 53, but if your readers will consult my little book *The Shakespeare Myth*, they will be able to realise something of the remarkable evidence supplied by the pages 53 in various books in favour of Bacon's authorship of the Elizabethan literature, for the whole of which he was responsible. (a) In Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, first edition (which was not printed till 1633), on page 53 we read, in reference to the Fryer, who is supposed to be dead, and who is being set up upon his feet :—

“ Ith(imore). Nay, Mr., be ruled by me a little ;
so let him leane

Upon his staffe ; excellent, he stands as if he
were begging of Bacon.”

Here we see “ of Bacon ” is lugged-in in the most absurd manner upon page 53 to tell us that Bacon, not Marlow, was the author of the plays known as Marlow's. In the folio of the plays,

while the cypher invisible page 53 (that is, page 53 from the end of the volume) is obtained by deducting 53 from the last page, 399, is 346, yet the real page from the end is 347. The great master has provided also for this, for upon page 347, which is the real page 53 from the end, of the plays, we find as the 53rd word from the commencement of the new scene, "wilde-boares" introduced in an absurd story of eight wilde boares roasted whole for a breakfast for twelve persons. Well may Mecenas exclaim, "Is this true." There are about 2,000,000 words in the plays, so the chance against wilde boares (Bacon's crest is a wild boar) coming upon page 53 from the end and as the 53rd word from the commencement of a new scene, is 2,000,000 to unity. Mr. George Hookham, who called my attention to this most remarkable evidence, said that its discovery gave him quite a shock.

But if you can kindly afford me a little more space, I will put before your readers a remarkable piece of evidence which I did not find till three or four weeks ago, viz., in November last. There is in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591, a sonnet, *Phæton to his friend Florio*, which Sir Sydney Lee admits (as Dr. Munro had previously said) must have been written by Shakespeare. Well, what does Florio

say concerning it? In his *World of Wordes*, published in 1598, he says in the address to the reader: "There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whereof I coulde instance in one, who, lighting upon a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the auctor a rymer." Here we see that Florio tells us that the author of the sonnet *Phæton to his friend Florio* was a gentleman, a man of position, who loved better to be a poet than to be counted so. But the author of that sonnet is admittedly the author of all the Shakespeare sonnets, and the author of the Shakespeare plays, therefore Florio tells us that the author of the Shakespeare plays was a gentleman, a man of position, who loved better to be a poet than to be counted so. This most certainly could not be the Stratford clown, who could not have been described as a gentleman till he had obtained a coat of arms in 1599. The Shakespeare plays contain twenty-two thousand different words, of which seven thousand are new words which as Murray's Oxford Dictionary tells us, were introduced for the first time into its language. Neither Dickens nor Thackeray employed more than seven or eight thousand different words in all their works, and, as Max Muller tells us: A well-educated

person in England who has been at a public school and at the university . . . seldom uses more than about three thousand or four thousand words. Does anyone really suppose that William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, who could not write a single letter of his own name, could have known so many as one thousand words?

EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

13 Carlton House Terrace,
London, Dec. 12, 1912.

The "absurd letter" which appeared over my name in your issue of the 11th inst. was not at all intended, as Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence supposes, to be an answer to him.

Frequent attempts have been made to "corner" Sir Edwin. In no case yet have I heard of them being successful. My letter was an endeavour—which I am pleased to see is so far satisfactory, in that he appears to be getting angry—to drag Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence into the open, and compel him to fight the matter out.

Just now I am having no argument with him. He may rest assured, however, that there is not the slightest "confusion" in my mind as to his theory, but I would like to say that the manner in

which he refers to the "right" or "left" side of a picture and the shaft of a "spear" is highly ingenious, yet I cannot permit him to pass the matter over thus airily.

Sir Edwin, for his own purposes, calls the right side of the engraving the "left," calls the stick a "spear," and the line of shading a "mask." Were he to define them accurately, and give things their proper names, his theory would be destroyed. It is only by this kind of misconstruction that he can make the system "work."

I demanded proof of his statements :—

1. That

"£1,000 was given to him (Shakespeare) in order to induce him to incur (on Bacon's behalf) the risk entailed, by allowing his name to appear upon the plays."

2. Shakespeare was

"a drunken, illiterate clown."

3. Shakespeare

"never was an actor, was unable to read, and was totally unable to write even a single letter of his name."

I again challenge Sir Edwin to prove these statements, to back them up by irrefragable evidence, or to hereafter for ever admit defeat. I wish to remind him, too, that he must do it quickly—the Frenchmen are even now upon his track.

When the "Manners-ites" (shall I call them?) get settled down to work—so certain are they of their assumption—it will be good bye for ever to the Baconian pretensions.

CHARLES R. HAND.

Dec. 17, 1912.

The appellation "Drunken, illiterate clown," which is now for ever permanently attached to William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman, is absolutely correct. Almost the only thing that seems certain about the man of Stratford is that he was always a drunkard. (a) Halliwell Phillips records the tradition that Shakespeare, before he left Stratford, was chosen by his fellows as one of a party to drink down the Bidford toppers, but failed. He passed the night under a tree, which was subsequently known as Shakespeare's crab-tree, and he also tells us that Shakespeare is supposed to have lost his life because he passed the night in a ditch after a drinking bout. The fact that he was a drunkard is also strongly confirmed by the fore scene in the *Taming of a Shrew*, where a drunken Warwickshire tinker is dressed up in my lord's clothes and told that the play has been prepared by his order. In my possession is a wonderful painting by

Liversedge, in which the face of the drunken Warwickshire tinker is evidently drawn from the Droeshout portrait, while the face of the hostess is that of Bacon. Masonic emblems are scattered over the whole picture to inform the initiated that they are being told on the square the real story of the Shakespeare plays. The frame of this marvellous picture is ornamented with emblems of the highest Masonry. But perhaps the most remarkable thing is that in the engraving, of which I also possess a copy, the face of the hostess is no longer the face of Bacon, and all the revealing Masonic emblems are most carefully eliminated. This remarkable painting is before the days of Smith and Delia Bacon, and before 1837, when Disraeli wrote his novel *Venetia*, in which, in Book VI., Chapter viii., he says, "And who is Shakespeare? We know as much of him as we do of Homer. Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he write a single whole play? I doubt it." And before the time when Lord Byron had expressed similar doubts, fifteen or twenty years earlier, as we are told in Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*, 1824.

"Illiterate." I have shown in my books, and also in *Notes and Queries* of August 24 and October 26 of the present year, that nothing is

now claimed as in Shakespeare's handwriting, excepting only the six so-called signatures, all of which are written in law script by skilled law clerks. After the fifteenth century there is not found in England any example of a real signature of a private person written in law script. If to any document what appears to be a signature of a private person is attached in law script such name has been written by a law clerk. The only genuine signatures in law script are those of certain law court officials. Moreover, the supposed signature to the "Answers to Interrogatories" preserved in the Record Office, London, is "Wilm Shaxpr," which is evidently written by the law clerk who wrote the body of the Answers. Indeed most of your readers must know that a witness in a law court is obliged to sign his name in full, and therefore that William Shakespeare, if he could have written anything, would not have been permitted to shorten his surname to Shaxpr. But, in fact, William Shakespeare could not write so much as one letter of his own name. No book was found in his house, and we are told, if we understand what we are told, that he could not read one line of print.

"Clown." In *Every Man Not of His Humour*, Ben Jonson names the man who had

just purchased a coat of arms *vogliardo* (the filthiest word in any language), and describes him as an essential clown, which means a man who could neither read nor write. That this man represents Shakespeare is plain from the motto assigned to him being "Not without mustard," while Shakespeare's motto is "Not without right."

If your correspondent would read my book *Bacon is Shakespeare*, he would learn how clearly Rowe tells us that the Stratford man never was really an actor, for he says that the "highest point of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*." A stuffed dummy on wheels can play the part of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, because no one can see much in the dim light, and no one can tell from what quarter the words are spoken. Rowe practically tells us, therefore, that Shakespeare was not really an actor.

With respect to the £1,000, Rowe tells us that it was given to W. Shakespeare in order that he might go through with a purchase he had a mind to. Now, New Place cost only £60, and it, therefore, seems pretty clear that the £1,000 was paid to get Shakespeare away to Stratford. A strong corroboration is supplied by the fact that the title deeds of New Place were not in Shakespeare's possession till after the death of Queen Elizabeth.

"The Manners-ites." I wrote to the author of the Rutland theory, saying that I welcomed his book, because, while it could do no possible harm to those who knew that Bacon was the author of the plays, it produced strong evidence against the absurd supposition that the most learned literary work in the world was produced by a drunken, illiterate clown.

EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

13 Carlton House Terrace,
London, Dec. 21, 1912.

I am delighted to see that Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence has at last condescended to make some attempt at "proof" of his wonderful statements. His "proof" that

"the appellation 'drunken, illiterate clown' which is now for ever permanently attached to . . . Shakespeare . . . is absolutely correct,"

and that

"the only thing that seems certain about the man of Stratford is that he was always a drunkard," turns out to be a "*tradition*" recorded by Halliwell-Phillips. This is the "proof" Sir Edwin places before your readers! Now, what is tradition? Tradition is invariably a perjured witness. Tradition is always to be *considered*, not believed.

Tradition seldom comes into court without a lie upon its tongue, and on close investigation is generally found to be glutted with falsehood. Sir Edwin speaks of what a witness in a court of law is obliged to do. Would any judge and jury tolerate the "evidence" of a witness gorged with tradition? Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Barrister, knows better. If this is a specimen of his "proof," it may be dismissed with the contempt it deserves.

He informs us that the

"six so-called signatures . . . are written in law script by skilled law clerks who were excellent penmen, and that the notion that the so-called signatures are badly written has only arisen from the fact that the general public, and even many educated persons, are totally ignorant of the appearance of the law script of the period. The first of the so-called signatures—viz., that at the Record Office, London, is written with extreme ease and rapidity."

Well, Sir Edwin's predecessor, Mr. Harold Bayley, had something to say, in 1902, about this "law script by skilled law clerks." He describes the signatures as

"*strange scrawls*,"

and tells us of

"*their grotesque illegibility*,"

continuing :

"No two of them are spelled alike . . . they are so crabbed and so illegible."

The fact that Shakespeare spelled his name in several ways is given as another "proof" that "he could not spell his own name correctly."

It is also true that Sir Walter Raleigh — admittedly one of the most cultured men of the age — spelled his name "Raleigh," "Ralegh," "Raleghe," "Rauliegh," and "Rauley." Spenser frequently signed himself "Spencer," and Sir Philip Sidney often wrote "Sydney." Among Shakespeare's contemporaries, we find Marlowe's name spelled in ten different ways; Throckmorton's, sixteen; Gascoigne's, nineteen; Percy's, twenty-seven; and Ben Jonson signed his name in nearly every conceivable form.

Which are we to believe? If Mr. Bayley is right, then, as he says,

"Shakespeare could trace his own name."

If Sir Edwin is the only person who knows, the signatures are splendid specimens of

"law script by skilled law clerks who were excellent penmen,"

which "law script" consists, however, in the opinion of Mr. Bayley, of nothing but

"strange scrawls, crabbed and illegible!"

The only verdict for ordinary common-sense people to arrive at is to discard the opinions of



both these Baconian experts as utterly worthless.

Sir Edwin's next attempt is the vindication of his word "clown." A clown is "one who has the manners of a rustic." About the year 1585, Shakespeare went to London. Here he remained until 1597, from which date he occasionally visited the capital. Had he been the "drunken, illiterate clown" Sir Edwin would have us believe, figuring the while as the writer of the plays, he would indubitably have been laughed out of London. As Edward H. Sothorn justly remarks, "Such a man, in such an age, claiming the authorship of *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, the *Sonnets*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and the other plays, would have been literally annihilated; and the man most likely to execute him was Ben Jonson. It is inconceivably improbable that 'rare Ben' could have been so utterly hoaxed and bamboozled. If there was a compact between Shakespeare and Bacon, Jonson, above all men of his time, would have been acquainted with the fact, for, besides being an intimate friend of Shakespeare, he had from time to time been employed by Bacon as secretary."

Even supposing that Jonson, acquainted with the secret, could have been kept quiet during the poet's life, he surely would have broken his

silence after Shakespeare's death. Shakespeare died in 1616, and seven years later, when the First Folio was brought out, Jonson was the man selected to supply the commendatory verses. He wrote one of the most magnificent eulogies in any language, styling him the

“Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, wonder of the stage—
my Shakespeare.”

He also declared in his *Discoveries*, “I loved the man and do honour his memory, on this side idolatory, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.” Ben Jonson died twenty-one years after Shakespeare, and eleven after Bacon; and yet there is neither a word in his writings, nor a whisper from him, to indicate in the slightest degree that anyone but Shakespeare was the author of the plays.

Sir Edwin then goes on to say that a

“man who had just purchased a coat of arms was an essential clown who could neither read nor write. That this man represents Shakespeare is plain from the motto assigned to him being ‘not without mustard,’ while Shakespeare’s motto is ‘not without right!’”

Sir Edwin's perspicacity is truly marvellous !
 An individual who can see "mustard" in "right"
 and "right" in "mustard" is surely beyond the
 criticism or even comprehension of any ordinary
 person !

Again, Sir Edwin :

"Rowe tells us that the Stratford man never was
 an actor."

Let us see. When the Earl of Leicester died,
 in 1588, his company of players was taken over
 by Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, afterwards
 fifth Earl of Derby. Of this company, William
 Shakespeare and Richard Burbage were the
 principals.

In the first edition of the *Works of Ben Jonson*,
 published during his lifetime, and in the year
 Shakespeare died, the actors' names appear as
 follows :—

"EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

| | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| Will. Shakespeare | Ric. Burbadge |
| Aug. Philips | Joh. Hemings |
| Hen. Condel | Tho. Pope |
| Will. Sly | Chr. Beeston |
| Will. Kempe | Joh. Dyke |

"SEJANUS, HIS FALL."

| | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| Ric. Burbadge | Will. Shakespeare |
| Aug. Philips | Joh. Hemings |

Will. Sly

Hen. Condell

Joh. Lowin

Alex. Cooke

Further Sir Edwin—

“Shakespeare did not write any of the works bearing his name.”

Well, let us see again. In an account of the revels in the reign of James I., at the Audit Office are the following attestations:—

“By His Majesties Plaiers—On St. Stivens night in the hall a play called *Mesur for Mesur* (Dec. 26th, 1604). The Poet who mayd the Plaies: Shaxberd.”

“On Inosents Night the *Plaie of Errors* (Dec. 28th, 1604): Shaxberd.”

“On Shrovsunday a play of the *Martchant of Venis* (Mar. 24th, 1605): Shaxberd.”

“On Shrovtusday a play cauled the *Martchant of Venis* again commanded by the Kings Ma^{tie}. (26th Mar., 1605): Shaxberd.”

Do these entries show that Shakespeare “never was an actor,” or that Bacon was “The Poet who mayd the Plaies?”

Now with respect to the £1000. Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence tells us in his *Myth*:—

“His (Shakespeare’s) wealth was simply the money—£1000—given to him in order to induce him to incur the risk entailed by allowing his his name to appear upon the plays,”

and infers throughout his writings that £1000 was the sum with which Shakespeare was bribed by, or on behalf of, Sir Francis Bacon. In his last letter to you he varies this statement materially by saying :

“ Rowe tells us that £1000 was given to Shakespeare in order that he might go through with a purchase he had a mind to.”

Why will your correspondent suppress or evade the truth? What are the actual facts? Rowe declared that Lord Southampton, out of his great friendship for Shakespeare, presented him with £1000. This gift was made about the year 1593, when *Venus and Adonis* was published and dedicated to his lordship; and was meant as a handsome token of his appreciation and approbation.

Sir Edwin continues :—

“ New Place cost only £60 ” ;

but he does not tell us that £60 represented a very substantial sum of present-day money—a far greater amount than we should expect a “drunken, illiterate clown” would invest in house property.

As I fear Sir Edwin desires to blind your readers regarding the importance of New Place, may I point out that, built by Sir Hugh Clopton in 1490, it was the chief building and the most imposing house—(in his will Sir Hugh designated

it "The Great House")—in Stratford. The manor was granted to the Cloptons in the reign of Henry III., and for 250 years before New Place was erected they had been one of the principal families in the country. The importance of the mansion may be gauged by the fact that in 1643, on her way from Newark to join the King at Edge Hill, Queen Henrietta Maria, at the head of 3,000 foot, 1,500 horse, besides waggons and artillery, was met by Prince Rupert at Stratford, where, at New Place, her Majesty rested from the 11th to the 13th July, being the guest of Mrs. Susanna Hall (then a widow), Shakespeare's eldest daughter.

At New Place, for nineteen years, Shakespeare lived; there he died, full of riches and honour; and in the chancel of the parish church he was laid to rest with every mark of admiration and respect, none suspecting or hearing a whisper of the "fact" that "he was always a drunkard."

Sir Edwin gives us another belated "fact," without, as usual, the slightest attempt at substantiation—

"That the title deeds of New Place were not in Shakespeare's possession till after the death of Queen Elizabeth."

This is another invention, incapable of proof, and of no value whatever in the direction of proving that Bacon is Shakespeare.

Again, Sir Edwin makes much of the fact that

“there is not in existence any books or writings which can be supposed to be from his pen.”

Does he *deliberately* suppress the reasons for this, which are obvious? J. Payne Collier informs us “that associations of actors who bought dramas of their authors were at all times extremely averse to the publication of them, under the persuasion that the number of readers would diminish the number of auditors, and the apprehension lest rival companies, then under very lax control, might act the piece. The managers and sharers did their utmost to prevent the appearance of plays in print; and it is the surreptitious manner in which pieces got out to the public that accounts for the especial imperfectness in respect of typography, of this department of our early literature. About half the productions of Shakespeare remained in manuscript until seven years after his death; not a few of those which were printed in his lifetime were shamefully disfigured, and not one can be pointed out to the publication of which he in any way contributed. When he retired to Stratford we cannot find that he took the slightest interest in works which had delighted living thousands, and were destined to be the admiration of unborn millions; he considered them the

property of the theatre for which they had been written, and conceived that they were beyond his control."

Another reason, perhaps more vital, is the fact that during the Civil War the Puritans endeavoured to destroy the Stage, root and branch, from among the institutions of the country, and to completely obliterate every trace of dramatic literature. Not only were the writings of Shakespeare and his contemporaries sought out and destroyed, but his character was libelled and his fair fame assailed. Indeed, it is little short of a miracle that in their fanatical zeal the Puritans did not wreck the church at Stratford, uproot the tomb, and scatter his body to the four winds of heaven !

It is futile on the part of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence to tell us that Disraeli, Byron, Palmerston, Bright, Houghton, Bismarck, Twain, and a few lesser lights, hold that the plays are not the work of Shakespeare. Sir Edwin is well aware that for the name of every eminent man of this opinion, one can readily produce a hundred of a diametrically opposite persuasion ; while of the ordinary public, Sir Edwin's views are opposed by millions.

He plaintively remarks :—" If your correspondent would read my book"—the book he



entitles *Bacon is Shakespeare*, knowing all the while that I have read his book, his pamphlet, and his letters, until I almost know them off by heart. Indeed, were it not for the reason that it is high time this "literary lunacy" were ended, that these puny calumniators of the illustrious dead were reduced to impotence and silence, I should be a little ashamed, were I not very sure I had a good design in doing it, of having spent so much of my time in reading so much trash.

Point by point I have dealt with the letter of Sir Edwin, and hope he will receive much instruction thereby.

In closing, I would like to add that it is wonderfully comforting to know that the net result of fifty-six years of frantic effort to establish the Baconian theory—from Delia Bacon down to Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence—is to bring forward M. Paul Fernando, the French publisher of *l'Auteur Véritable des Œuvres dites de Shakespeare enfin dévoilé*, who, in referring to the author, M. Demblon, says :—"He has demonstrated in an irrefutable manner, victoriously and without leaving us the slightest doubt, that Roger Manners, the fifth Earl of Rutland, born in 1576, died in 1612, was the true author of the splendid works falsely known up to now throughout the entire universe

under the name of William Shakespeare ! " (f)

The "myth" of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence is indeed dead !

CHARLES R. HAND.

Dec. 26, 1912.

¶ *This letter terminated the correspondence.*



IT was manifestly impossible to deal in anything like an adequate manner with such a voluminous subject as this in a great daily newspaper, even had the Editor been able to extend to us the continued hospitality of his columns. It will be noticed that in the foregoing correspondence, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's amusing volume *Bacon is Shakespeare* has scarcely been alluded to. I purpose, therefore, in the following pages to indicate and briefly comment upon, a few of the many inaccuracies and absurdities contained in that book.

"The Shackspere Portrait and Bust."—Sir Edwin tells us that

"there *is* no question—there *can be* no possible question—

that the engraving by Martin Droeshout

—is cunningly composed of two left arms and a mask." (c)

He labours heavily through more than forty lines in an endeavour to make us realize that the figure is clothed in what he terms a coat with two left arms, incapable of understanding that this is a crude and inartistic picture of Shakespeare in a comedian's costume; and concludes by inviting comparison between a reproduction of Droeshout's engraving and Zuccherò's portrait of Sir Nicholas Bacon.

There *is* no comparison—there *can be* no comparison—between the drawing of a third-rate engraver and the painting, from life, of an artist.

Our friend has further gone to the trouble of counting the letters in the lines descriptive of the portrait, and computes them to number 287,

"the two v.v.'s in line nine being counted as four letters."

Now, he is not justified in counting the two v.v.'s as four letters. VV appears as a W frequently in seventeenth century books, both in capital and lower-case letters, owing entirely to the scarcity of occasional letters of the particular type possessed by the printer.

Does Sir Edwin wish us really to believe that in every book in which the VV appear, the author

was pointing to a secret number? We wonder.

“The Bust.”—The old print (the origin of which is unknown) reproduced on page 40, is a good example of the advanced type of Baconian illustration — another “proof” that Bacon is Shakespeare! It correctly indicates the lengths to which supporters of the delusion will go. So completely do their minds become obsessed by this wild conceit, that they become incapable of thinking anything but Bacon. As Mr. Thomas Sheppard aptly puts it in his little work, *Bacon is Alive!* they see

“Pigs in trees, boars in the running brooks,
Sows in stones, and Bacon in everything!”

“Contemporary Allusions to Shackspere.”—In this Chapter IV. we have an irrelevant dissertation on

“three contemporary plays,”

the third of which, however, as Sir Edwin has thought proper to introduce it, I wish specially to bring before the reader’s notice. The title of this play, *The Return from Pernassus*, Sir Edwin makes the first part of the heading of his Chapter V. He says

“The portion to which I wish to direct attention is—Actus 5, Scena 1.

“*Studioso*.—Fayre fell good Orpheus, that would



A TYPICAL BACONIAN ILLUSTRATION.

rather be / King of a mole hill, then a Keysars
 slaue: / Better it is mongst fidders to be chiefe, /
 Then at plaiers trencher beg reliefe. / But ist not
 strange this mimick apes should prize / Vnhappy
 Schollers at a hireling rate. / Vile world, that
 lifts them vp to hye degree, / And treads vs
 downe in groueling misery. / *England* affordes
 those glorious vagabonds, / That carried earst
 their fardels on their backes, / Coursers to ride
 on through the gazing streetes / Sooping it in
 their glaring Satten sutes, / And Pages to attend
 their maisterships: / With mouthing words that
 better wits haue framed, / They purchase lands,
 and now Esquiers are made.

“*Philomusus*.—What ere they seeme being euen
 at the best / They are but sporting fortunes
 scornfull iests.”

Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence then goes on to
 ask

“ Can these last two lines refer to Shakspeare
 the actor seeming to be the poet? Note that
 they are spoken by *Philomusus* that is friend of
 the poetic muse. Mark also the words, ‘this
 mimick apes.’ Notice especially ‘with mouthing
 words that better wits haue framed, they pur-
 chase lands and now Esquiers are made,’ i.e.,
 get grants of arms. Who at this period among
 mimics excepting W. Shakspeare of Stratford
 purchased lands and obtained also a grant of
 arms? ”

and concludes Chapter V. by further asking

“ How is it possible that Stratfordians can continue to refuse to admit that the statement . . . ‘with mouthing words that better wits haue framed they purchase lands and now Esquiers are made’ must also refer to the Stratford actor ? ”

Here be evidence indeed ! But he has shown us one side of the picture only.

On page 311, volume VI. of the *Cambridge History of English Literature* (“The Drama to 1642”), we find a summary of Part I. of *The Return*, and read :

“ But the adventures of Philomusus and Studiosus furnish only one of the themes in this part of the trilogy. Another is found in the relations of Ingenioso to Gullio, a vainglorious pseudopatron of letters, modelled in part on Nashe’s portrait of ‘an upstart’ in his *Pierce Penilesse*. Gullio, who is ‘maintaining’ Ingenioso in most niggardly fashion, bids him personate his mistress Lesbia, that he may rehearse amorous speeches afterwards to be addressed to her. These speeches are mainly variations on lines in Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Gullio afterwards commissions Ingenioso to write specimen verses for his lady ‘in two or three divers vayns, in Chaucer’s, Gower’s and Spencer’s and Mr. Shakespeare’s.’ He quotes the opening lines

of *Venus and Adonis* as the preferable model, and cries sentimentally :

“ ‘ O sweet Mr. Shakespeare ! I’le have his picture in my study at the courte.’ ”

“ When Ingenioso submits his poetical exercises for approval, the lines in ‘ Mr. Shakespeare’s vayne ’ are instantly preferred :

‘ Ey marry, sir, these have some life in them ! Let this duncified worlde esteeme of Spencer and Chaucer, I’le worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare and to honour him will lay his *Venus and Adonis* under my pillowe.’ ”

In *The Return*, Actus IV. Scena iii., the following words from *Kempe* to *Burbage* occur :

“ Few of the university pen plaies well ; they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talke too much of Prosperina and Jupiter. Why heres our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down, I, and Ben Jonson too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow, he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill ; but Shakespeare hath given him a purge, that made him beray his credit.

Burbage.—Its (Shakespeare) a shrewd fellow indeed ! ”

Why did not Sir Edwin give us also these quotations ? We wonder.

Although Sir Edwin Durning - Lawrence headed his Chapter IV. "Contemporary Allusions to Shakespeare," he has taken care to suppress those allusions. Well, if I were to attempt to give them in their entirety, they would fill this book. Suffice it to say that records exist in profusion, of recognition and eulogy of the unparalleled genius of our Poet from players, poets, dramatists, preachers, historians, noblemen—and even princes and ruling sovereigns—whom Shakespeare knew, and to whom Shakespeare and his work were perfectly familiar. They were all in varying degree impassioned admirers of William Shakespeare of Stratford. The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Charles I.) had learned to appreciate Shakespeare, not only from reading his works, but also from witnessing the court representations of his plays. Afterwards we know that he made Shakespeare his closest companion, for he was reproached with doing so by Milton, who wrote in his *Eikonoklastes*, the words, "One whom we well know was the closest companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare!"

In his Chapter VI. Sir Edwin tells us something about the contemporary letters in existence referring to Shakespeare, and informs us that they

are all about money—

“mean and sordid small business transactions.”

Well, I venture to make the assertion (and without fear of contradiction) that letters referring to disputed money and business transactions, are just the kind of document that Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, too, would preserve. Certainly they are the sort of letter carefully kept by myself. Why then blame Shakespeare for acting as a man of common-sense?

Does Sir Edwin destroy all his correspondence of this character? We wonder.

Sir Edwin also endeavours to make a point of the circumstance that no MS. of the plays has been found in Shakespeare's own writing; but surely if this fact proves anything against his claims, it is equally fatal to the claims of Bacon, inasmuch as he, too, omitted to leave any such MSS. among the multitude of others he committed to his executors. No where, and in no way, does Bacon refer to any productions of the kind.

Chapter X. is headed: “Bacon is Shakespeare, Proved mechanically in a short chapter on the long word *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*.”

As a matter of fact, to this extraordinary word—which he evidently deems of supreme importance

—he devotes no fewer than twenty-three pages, among which are interspersed eleven diagrams or reproductions: twenty-three pages of surely the most bewildering drivel that a long-suffering British public ever had thrust upon it. In order to demonstrate the tremendous value Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence places upon the word, it is necessary to consider what he tells us about it. He writes

“to point out that on the very first occasion when the name W. Shakespere was attached to any play, viz., to the play called *Loues Labor's lost*, the Author took pains to insert a revelation that would enable him to claim his own when the proper time should arrive. Accordingly he prepared the page which is found in the Quarto of *Loues Labor's lost*, which was published in 1598.”

Next he informs us that this

“revealed and all revealing sentence forms a correct Latin hexameter, and we will proceed to prove that it is without possibility of doubt or question the real solution which the Author intended to be known at some future time, when he placed the long word Honorificabilitudinitatibus, which is composed of twenty-seven letters, on the twenty-seventh line of page 136, where it appears as the 151st word printed in ordinary type.

“The all-important statement which reveals the authorship of the plays in the most clear and

direct manner (every one of the twenty-seven letters composing the long word being employed and no others) is in the form of a correct Latin hexameter, which reads as follows :

HI LUDI F BACONIS NATI TUITI ORBI,"

which translated conveys to us the astonishing information that

"These plays F. Bacon's offspring are preserved for the world !"

A few pages further on, Sir Edwin says :

"This explanation of the real meaning to be derived from the long word honorificabilitudinitatibus, seems to be so convincing as scarcely to require further proof. But the Author of the plays intended when the time had fully come for him to claim his own that there should not be any possibility of cavil or doubt. He therefore so arranged the plays and the acts of the plays in the folio of 1623 that the long word should appear upon the 136th page, be the 151st word thereon, should fall on the twenty-seventh line, and that the interpretation should indicate the numbers 136 and 151, thus forming a mechanical proof so positive that it can neither be misconstrued nor explained away, a mechanical proof that provides an evidence which absolutely compels belief."

So that there may be really no doubt whatever as to the importance of the word, he asks :

"Can anyone be found who will pretend to produce from the twenty-seven letters which form the



word *Honorificabilitudinitatibus* another sentence which shall also tell the number of the page 136, and that the position of the long word on the page is the 151st word?

“To do this surpasses the wit of man, and that therefore the true solution of the meaning of the long word *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*, *about which so much nonsense has been written—*

(probably the readers of *Bacon is Shakespeare* and *The Shakespeare Myth* will cordially agree with this last statement)

—is without possibility of doubt or question to be found by arranging the letters to form the Latin hexameter,

HI LUDI F BACONIS NATI TUITI ORBI
(These plays F. Bacon's offspring are preserved for the world).”

There are pages more to the same effect, but the above will doubtless serve.

Can anyone now doubt that to this long word Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence attaches the greatest importance? Can anyone doubt that, in his eyes, upon this long word practically the entire Baconian theory rests—that it is the foundation stone of the whole structure?

Now this word first appeared in a Latin Dictionary by Uguccione, called *Magnæ Derivationes*, written in the latter half of the twelfth century. So that, *more than 260 years before*

Bacon was born, this Latin Dictionary contained the “correct Latin hexameter,” *Hi ludi F Baconis nati tuiti orbi*, telling that “These plays F. Bacon’s offspring are preserved for the world !”

This surely should be sufficient, but there is more to follow.

In the *Catholicon* of Giovanni de Genova, printed before 1500, we read :

“Ab honorifico, hic et hec honorificabilis—le et hec honorificabilitas—tis et hec honorificabilitudinitas, et est longissima dictio, que illo versu continetur — Fulget *Honorificabilitudinitatibus* iste.”

Again we see that in the year 1490, or thereabouts, *seventy-one years before Bacon’s birth*, the *Catholicon* also contained this “correct Latin hexameter,” *Hi ludi F Baconis nati tuiti orbi*, which once again told that “These plays F. Bacon’s offspring are preserved for the world !”

Risum teneatis, amici ?

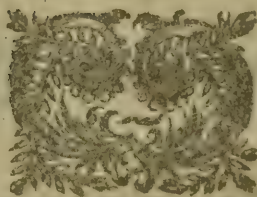
The next statement to which attention must be directed is the worthy Baronet’s declaration on page 113. He says :

“In Camden’s *Remains*, 1616 [1614], the chapter on Surnames, p. 106, commences with an ornamental headline . . . but printed ‘upside-down.’”

REMAINES
OF
A GREATER
WORKE,

Concerning

Britaine, the inhabitants thereof,
*their Languages, Names, Sur-
names, Empreses, Wise spee-
ches, Poesies, and
Epitaphes.*



AT LONDON
Printed by G. E. for Simon Waterfon.
1605.

TITLE PAGE OF CAMDEN'S REMAINES, 1605.

“The trick of the upside-down printing of ornaments and even of engravings is continually resorted to when some revelation concerning Bacon’s works is given. Therefore in Camden’s *Remains*, of 1616 [1614] in the Chapter on Surnames, because the head ornament is printed upside-down, we may be perfectly certain that we shall find some revelation concerning Bacon and Shakespeare.

“Accordingly on p. 121 we find as the name of a village ‘Bacon Creping.’ There never was a village called ‘Bacon Creping.’ And on p. 128, we read such names as Shakespeare, Shotbolt, Wagstaffe.”

Nowhere in his writings does Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence breathe a whisper as to the existence of any other edition of Camden’s *Remaines*, and it will be most interesting and informing to know the reason why. The *Remaines* was first published in 1605, and six other editions quickly followed—*seven in all*; of which I possess copies dated 1605, 1614, 1629 and 1637. To demonstrate indisputably the inaccuracy of Sir Edwin’s statement, it only remains to mention that *the name of a village called “Bacon Creping” does not occur!* What Camden does on page 121 of the 1614 edition (and in the other editions) is to say :

“Neither was there, (as I said before) or is

there any Towne, Village, Hamlet, or place in England, but hath made names to Families, and so, many names are locall which do not seeme so, because the places are vnknowne to most men, and all knowne to no one man: as who would imagine *Whitegift*, *Pawlet*, *Bacon*, *Creping*, *Alshop*, *Tirwhit*, *Antrobus*, *Heather*, *Hartshorne*, and many such like, to be locall names? and yet most certainly they are."

On page 128, the historian is illustrating the formation of names, and says:

"Some from that which they commonly carried, as *Palmer*, that is, Pilgrim, for that they caried *Palme* when they returned fró Hierusalem; *Long-sword*, *Broad-speare*, *Fortescue*, that is Strong-shield; and in some such respect, *Break-speare*, *Shakespeare*, *Shot-bolt*, *Wagstaffe*, *Bagot*, in the old Norman . . . "

But why is Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence totally silent as to the six other editions besides that of 1614?

Because what he considers his crowning argument is that, in the 1614 edition (*only*) of Camden's book, the

"heading of the chapter on Surnames is purposely printed upside-down, which is the usual method of indicating Bacon and Shakespeare secrets (*Liverpool Courier*, July 25, 1912)."

Now, the *heading* of the Chapter is *Surnames*, which is *printed in the usual way*, but the head-piece, a little ornamental wood engraving, oblong in shape, has been accidentally reversed when the volume was printed.

Sir Edwin tells us (*b*) that

“Camden was, as was also every writer of the Elizabethan golden age of literature, a servant of Bacon’s,”

and the upside-down printing of the block (which he inaccurately terms the heading) was, so to speak, Bacon’s sign-manual, and meant that every book in which it occurred was the work of Bacon, through a servant of his.

So now we see that in 1605 Camden was *not* a servant of Bacon, and that then Shakespeare was Shakespeare ; in 1614 Camden *was* a servant of Bacon, and then Shakespeare became Bacon ; in 1629 and 1637 Camden was “himself again,” was *not* a servant of Bacon, and that once more Shakespeare was Shakespeare !

But behind all this lies a very sinister declaration—for Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence.

Camden was, as is well-known, the most reliable and veracious historian of his time. He gave in his *Remaines*, a list of the acknowledged and honoured poets of his day, saying :

“These may suffice for some Poeticall descriptions of our auncient Poets, if I would come to our time, what a world could I present to you out of Sir *Philipp Sidney*, *Ed. Spencer*, *Samuel Daniel*, *Hugh Holland*, *Ben Iohnson*, *Th. Campion*, *Mich. Drayton*, *George Chapman*, *Iohn Marston*, *William Shakespeare*, & other most pregnant witts of these our times, whom succeeding ages may iustly admire (see page 51).”

Bacon, therefore, was unknown to Camden as a Poet, and his name is conspicuous by its absence.

This was the fatal reason why Camden should be disparaged by the Baconians, and his evidence made of little account.

Verbum sat sapienti !

Pass we on now to some other astonishing revelations. Plate XXX. of his book is

“a portion of Plate XXVII. much enlarged.”

He says :

“Look . . . at the . . . page ; on the top is
A TEMPEST.” (d)

Now, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence appears to be singularly unfortunate in his selection of terms. He reminds us that

“Everything is really so clearly told to us in the marvellous books such as those found in my library,” (b)

but I fear that an English Dictionary is not among them. If he will take the trouble to procure, and consult, one, he will discover that a tempest is described as “*a storm of extreme violence.*”

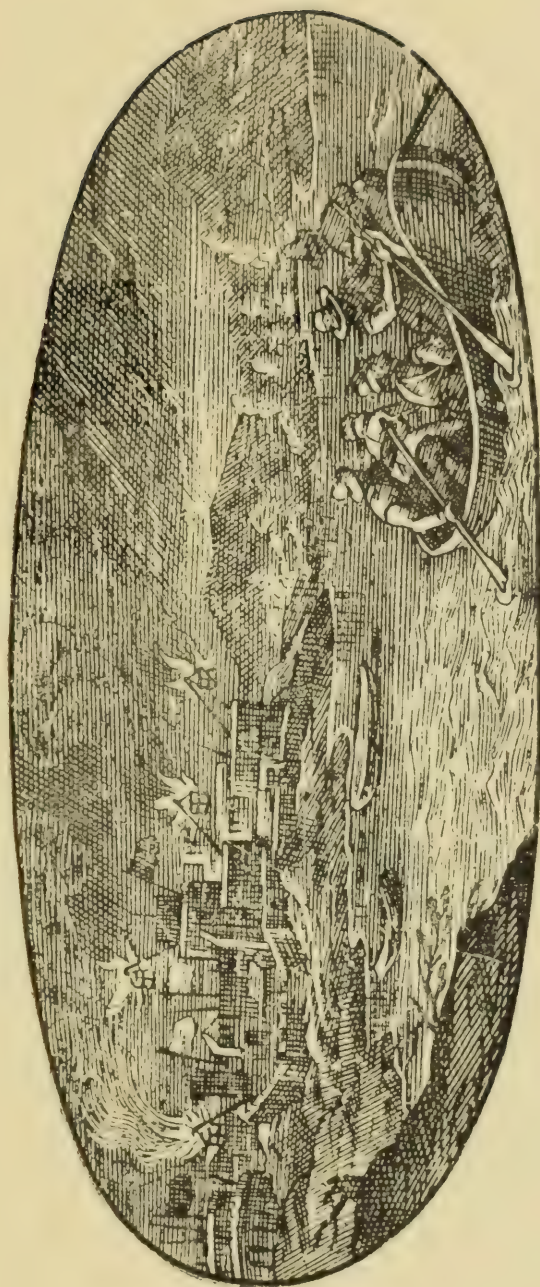
Well, I ask every one of my readers to examine very minutely the enlarged portion of Plate XXVII., reproduced on the opposite page.

We see five full-grown men in a small boat without rowlocks, on a calm sea, the tranquility of whose coast-line is unbroken by the smallest vestige of a ripple—*surely the furthest remove from a TEMPEST that could well be imagined!*

The next enlarged portion is Plate XXXI., his description of which is as follows. There is a man seated, who

“is now engaged in writing his book, while an Actor, very much overdressed and wearing a mask something like the accepted mask of Shakespeare, is lifting from the real writer’s head a cap known in Heraldry as the Cap of Maintenance.”

Here again his descriptive attempts are sadly at fault. I recommend the study of an illustrated Dictionary, such as *Ogilvie’s Imperial*, in which under the word Maintenance he will see an



SIR EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE'S "TEMPEST!"

illustration of a Cap of Maintenance, which is a totally different object to that depicted in the reproduction of his Plate XXXI., on page 59.

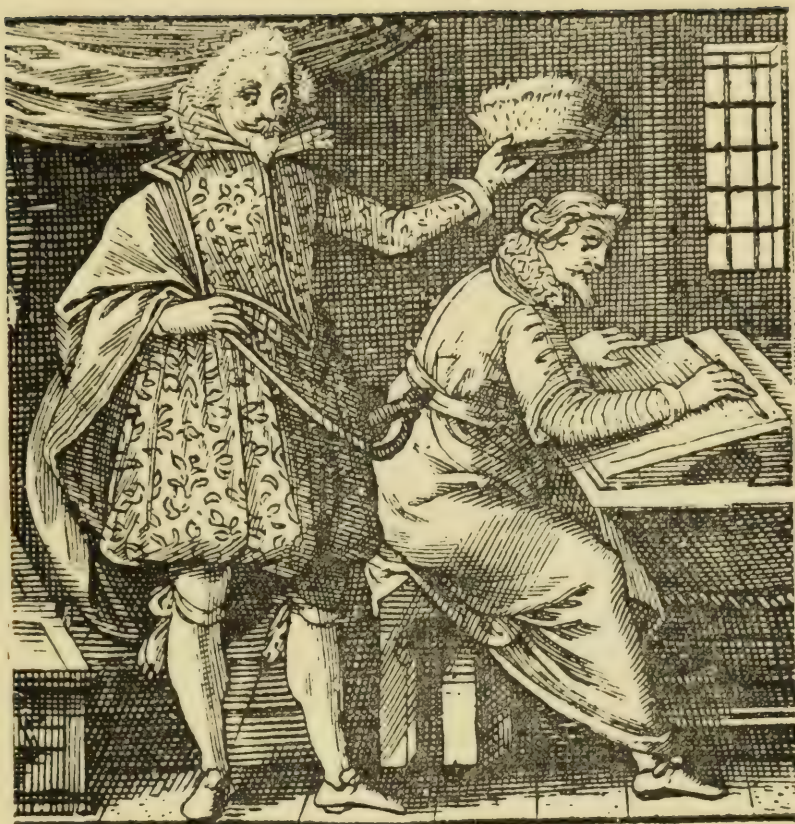
The person standing behind the writer (who is evidently a clerk or secretary writing from dictation *a letter* at a desk) is palpably a gentleman (wearing a sword), dressed in the ordinary costume of the period ; and Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence is no more justified in calling him an actor, or in saying that he wears a mask, than he is in so describing the seated figure. Moreover, there is not the smallest indication that the gentleman dictating is “lifting from the real writer’s head a cap ;” *the picture clearly denotes the superior figure investing the writer with his authority.*

Towards the end of his book, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence tells us

“ that the Stratford Householder was a mean Rustic who was totally unable to read or to write, and *was not even an actor.*”

When he penned this statement, he had evidently forgotten that the whole of his Chapter V. is an attempt to prove most unmistakeably that Shakespeare *was* an actor.

Has he not told us that in the rare pamphlet, *Ratsei’s Ghost*,



SIR EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE'S
"ACTOR!" "MASK!" AND "CAP OF MAINTENANCE!"

“ The most important part which is spoken by Ratsei the robber to a country player is as follows :—

“ *Ratsei.*—And for you sirra, saies he to the *chiefest of them*, thou hast a good presence on the Stage ; methinks thou darkenst thy merite by playing in the country. Get thee to London, for if one man were dead, they will have much neede of such a one as thou art. There would be none in my opinion fitter than thy selfe to play his parts. My concept is such of thee, that I durst venture all the mony in my purse on thy head to play Hamlet with him for a wager? ”

Sir Edwin says this

“ reference is unquestionably to Wm. Shakespeare of Stratford.”

If Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence is not here striving most strenuously to prove to us that, excepting one other man, he (Shakespeare) was *the most eminent actor in London*, whatever is he endeavouring to prove ?

Has Sir Edwin also forgotten that Aubrey tells us that Shakespeare “ was an actor at one of the playhouses and did act exceedingly well ? ”

He informs us that Rowe writes :

“ His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play ;

and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way than that the top of his performance was the ghost in *his own Hamlet*."

But what else did Rowe say? Why, that "his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer."

Why, oh, why, did not Sir Edwin give us this other portion of Rowe's statement? We wonder.

It is imperative that the various pronouncements of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence as to the CONSIDERATION "given" to Shakespeare be fully understood, it being the basis of the Baconian fallacy.

In law, the consideration is the reason which moves a contracting party to enter into an agreement, the material cause of a contract, the price or motive of a stipulation. In all contracts, each party gives something in exchange for what he receives. Hence, a consideration is an equivalent or recompense; that which is given as of equal estimated value with that which is received.

Now, what was the consideration Shakespeare actually received in his lifetime for his alleged services as a dummy deputy to Sir Francis Bacon?



The statements of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence are three in number :

- (1.) " There was a hanger-on at the theatres who could neither read nor write, and who never was an actor, but whose name Shakspere could be twisted into Shakespeare, which was one of Bacon's pen names. This man, FOR THE GIFT OF NEW PLACE (*d*), Stratford-on-Avon, AND THE BRIBE OF £1000 (*d*), was willing to run the risk of losing his ears, or of having his nose slit. Accordingly, he was secured and sent off to Stratford . . ."
- (2.) " It is exceedingly important and informing to remember that Shakespeare's name never appeared upon any play until he had been permanently sent away from London, and that his wealth was simply the money—£1000—given to him in order to induce him to incur the risk entailed by allowing his name to appear upon the plays."

You see that Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence has now *reduced* the amount of the bribe, and altogether *abandoned the gift of New Place* mentioned in Statement No. 1.

- (3.) " With respect to the £1000, Rowe tells us that it was given to W. Shakespeare in order that he might go through with a purchase he had a mind to. Now, New Place cost only £60, and it therefore seems pretty clear that the £1000 was paid to get Shakespeare away to Stratford."

We have here a totally different declaration, with again no mention of the *gift* of New Place, or of any risk of slit nose or loss of ears.

I demanded that Sir Edwin should inform us *when, where, and by whom was this £1000 given to Shakespeare for this purpose* (running the risk of "losing his ears or having his nose slit"); *and produce proof*. His only reply, when driven into a corner, and compelled to offer some kind of "proof," consists of a wholly unjustifiable use of Rowe's words, which we all know referred to an entirely different transaction!

Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence *fails utterly* to establish that any payment or any sort of consideration was made, directly or indirectly, to Shakespeare, and so the whole of this unique piece of galimatias crashes to the ground!

Just let us think seriously for a moment what Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence would have the world believe.

That a gigantic conspiracy—permeating every class of society—was organised in England between the years, say, 1560 and 1660. Of this organisation every writer, preacher, actor, poet, dramatist, historian, nobleman, prince and ruler was an accomplice. They all agreed to "pretend" that

Shakespeare wrote the works bearing his name—*and they each and every one generously accorded to him the credit due to his having done so!* They all “knew” that Shakespeare was “a drunken, illiterate clown, who could neither read nor write”—*but not a soul of them ever breathed a whisper of it!* They all “knew” that Bacon wrote everything that was published between the years named, including Shakespeare’s Works and the Authorised Version of the Bible; and that Bacon also invented the English language—*but none of them ever told us so!* Hour by hour and day by day, they were all engaged in perpetrating a gross and permanent fraud upon the whole world; and for what? Not money, title or position; because we know that some of them died very poor, others were dissolute and drunken; yet for some secret and incredibly “honourable” motive, they all went to their graves keeping *their* great secret inviolate for ever!

Was ever such a ridiculous and monstrous proposition submitted to the consideration of a sane people?

I wonder if Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence realizes that he has, by his propagation of this abominable slander, attempted to fix a stain of

deepest dye not only upon the fair fame of William Shakespeare, but also upon the fame of Francis Bacon? The reputation of this great man, who has now been in his grave for more than 287 years, forms one of the richest treasures of our country. His name and works are immortal. His renown is colossal. He was the greatest philosopher England has ever seen; yet Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence would make the princely Bacon a despicably base deceiver, and privy to the most infamous literary deception ever practised!



NOTES.



(a) Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence continuously makes emphatic statements couched in this, or similar language, ignoring the fact that all the time his pronouncements are being questioned and successfully controverted in every intellectual centre of England.

(b) In the *Llandudno Advertiser*, July, 1912.

(c) It is important that Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's *authorities* for this assertion should be set out. Here they are :

“ . . . I saw a *distinguished Fellow* of Trinity College, Cantab, and *he said* that the fact that the portrait put for Shakespeare in the Folio of 1623 was a doubly left-armed dummy surmounted by a mask, *settled the question*. The *wife of another Fellow* of Trinity College, Cantab, who is also an F.R.S., told us that even *her little girls* had sense enough to see that the so-called portrait was a mask. A *retired Principal of a College* said the same thing.”

This is the astonishing evidence which Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence has the temerity to offer as *proof* of his ipse dixit. An unnamed and *distinguished Fellow*, the likewise unidentified *wife of another Fellow*, some *little girls*, and a concealed *retired Principal of a College*!

How inanely credulous Sir Edwin must imagine his readers to be!

(d) The capitals are mine.

(e) This portrait, instead of being *acknowledged* to be a forgery, has been submitted to critical examination, and although of course there are differences of opinion, the weight of evidence is strongly in favour of it as being an original portrait done from the life. There is high expert authority for saying that the painting could not have been taken from the engraving, but that the engraving was copied from the painting.

Upon the death of the owner, Mr. H. Clement, of Sydenham, in 1895, it was purchased by Mrs. Flower, and presented to the Shakespeare Memorial, where it now remains.

(f) It is not generally known that some years ago Mr. James Greenstreet claimed as the author of Shakespeare's most important plays, William

Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby (*The Genealogist: A hitherto unknown Noble Writer of Elizabethan Comedies*—Vol. vii., part 4; *Further Notices of William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby, as a Poet and Dramatist*—Vol. viii., part 1; and *Testimonies against the accepted authorship of Shakespeare's Plays*—Vol. viii., part 3).

Other illusionists have attributed the plays to Sir Walter Raleigh, and even to Queen Elizabeth.

M. Demblon's views, constituting the very latest guess upon the Authorship, will in all probability meet with as little acceptance as did those here mentioned; but they are all outside the scope of our present consideration.

Suffice it to remark that one wild guess is as good as another wild guess, and, in the opinion of the conjector, a great deal better!

THE ANACHRONISMS OF SHAKESPEARE.



In the preceding pages, I have passed some little criticism upon the inaccuracies of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence ; it is now due to my readers that I proceed from Sir Edwin to Shakespeare himself.

I approach the mistakes of Shakespeare not only as items of legitimate curiosity in themselves and their author, but also because of the valuable light they throw upon the Bacon myth. Dr. Johnson said of our great Poet, "He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expense not only of likelihood, but of possibility." I select only a few examples ; they could, however, be multiplied exceedingly, as every Shakespearean student well knows.

In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, the action of the play takes place before the Christian era, yet Thaliard introduces firearms in the words, "My

lord, if I can get him within my pistol's length, I'll make him sure." Pistols, however, were not in use until 1544.

Antony and Cleopatra.—Antony makes mention of playing cards, of which there was no trace in Europe until the fourteenth century.

Coriolanus, also a Roman play, contains references to camels in the Roman army, though they were unknown to the Romans until long after the age of Coriolanus.

In *Julius Cæsar*, Shakespeare makes Cassius say, "The clock hath stricken three," although striking clocks were not made for many years after the time of Julius Cæsar. Murellus also speaks of the Romans climbing chimney tops "to see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome," whereas chimnies were unknown for more than ten centuries after Pompey.

King John.—In this play, there occur allusions to artillery, the king threatening France that "the thunder of my cannon shall be heard," though King John had no cannon with his army, and they were unheard of in Europe for over a century after his death.

In *Henry IV.*, Poyns is represented as having silk stockings, which were not known until the reign of Henry VIII., who was the first English-

man to wear them. A carrier in the play also remarks, "The turkeys in my pannier are quite starved," yet turkeys were not introduced into Europe until after the discovery of America.

Exeter, in the play of *Henry V.*, addresses the king as "Your Majesty," a century before that term came into use—the English king at that time being always addressed as "Your Grace." Shillings, first struck in the eighteenth year of Henry VII., also appear as being in circulation during the reign of Henry V.

In *Henry VI.*, the king says of Lord Talbot, "When I was young (as yet I am not old), I do remember how my father said, A stouter champion never handled sword." Shakespeare knew, however, that Henry VI. was only nine months old at his father's death, as is shown by the king declaring, "No sooner was I crept out of my cradle, But I was made a king at nine months old." Richard, Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.), at the first battle of St. Albans, in the Wars of the Roses, is made to slay in single combat the Duke of Somerset, and to thrice save the life of the Earl of Salisbury in the same battle, though at that time only two years of age.

The Duke of Clarence, in *Richard III.*, is imprisoned in the Tower, and in the scene follow-

ing, the body of Henry VI. is borne to burial, yet history shows that the king died seven years before Clarence's disgrace and downfall.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.—Shakespeare makes Proteous and his servitor, in this play, travel from Verona to Milan by boat, although Verona is inland, and the nearest water does not take in Milan in its course.

Another considerable geographical error occurs in *The Tempest*, where Shakespeare causes Tunis and Naples to be so far distant, that no news could pass from one to the other, "Till newborn chins be rough and razorable," implying that many years must elapse before the happening of such an event.

The Merry Wives of Windsor belongs to the time of Henry IV., but Dame Quickly refers to "knights and lords and gentlemen with their coaches," yet the first coaches in England did not appear until the reign of Elizabeth.

What bearing have these errors in Shakespeare's plays—which could be extended indefinitely—upon the contention of the Baconians? Do they not render the claim set up for Bacon as absolutely impossible? Shakespeare, who, as Ben Jonson said, knew "small Latin and less Greek,"

might easily have fallen into the anachronisms and blunders which I have pointed out. But could Bacon? Bacon was one of the most learned men of an eminently learned age; a deeply read scholar, educated at the Cambridge University; a man whose life was spent in the pursuit and advancement of learning. It is not conceivable that Bacon could have been capable of making such errors.

Can we think of Bacon, whose legal knowledge was unbounded, representing the jury system as prevailing in Vienna and Venice? Could Bacon have imagined that the Romans had camels in their army at so early a period as that of Coriolanus? Was Bacon so ignorant in geography as to make Bohemia a maritime country? Did Bacon think that the Colossus at Rhodes was erected previous to the siege of Troy? Could Bacon have written that the Romans had striking clocks in their houses, and stocks set up as a punishment for criminals in their streets; firearms in their belts; ducats in their pockets; and glasses in their eyes? Is it credible that Bacon should have represented chimnies and cannon in the Scotland of Macbeth, 300 years before the event? Shakespeare might have so erred, but could Bacon?

There is no other conclusion possible than that in these anachronisms, Shakespeare has left

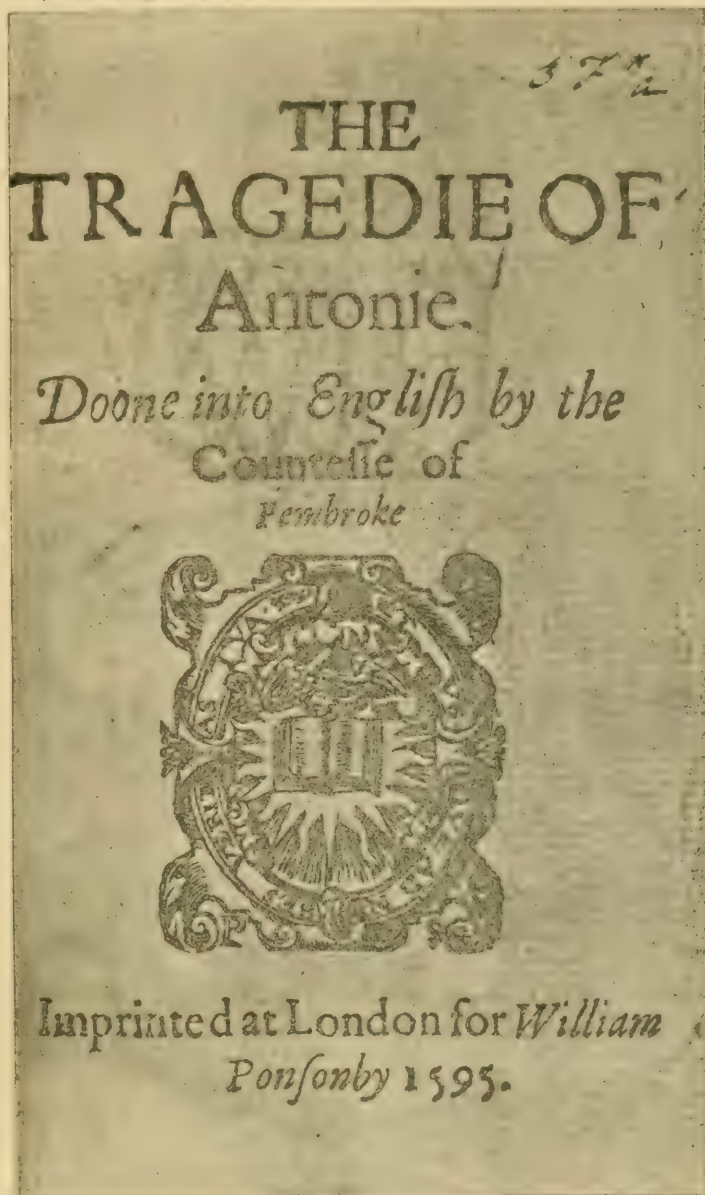
on record a body of evidence that rises up, strong and unsubduable, vindicating his claim to be the author of the plays which have always gone by his name, against what can only be considered the delirium of certain theorists who, to deprive him of his just credit, ascribe a perfect Indian jungle of historical and geographical blunders to one of the most learned men of his age !

And so I leave it, content simply to once more confidently assert that the great creator of the " Works " was none other than Shakespeare, not Bacon !

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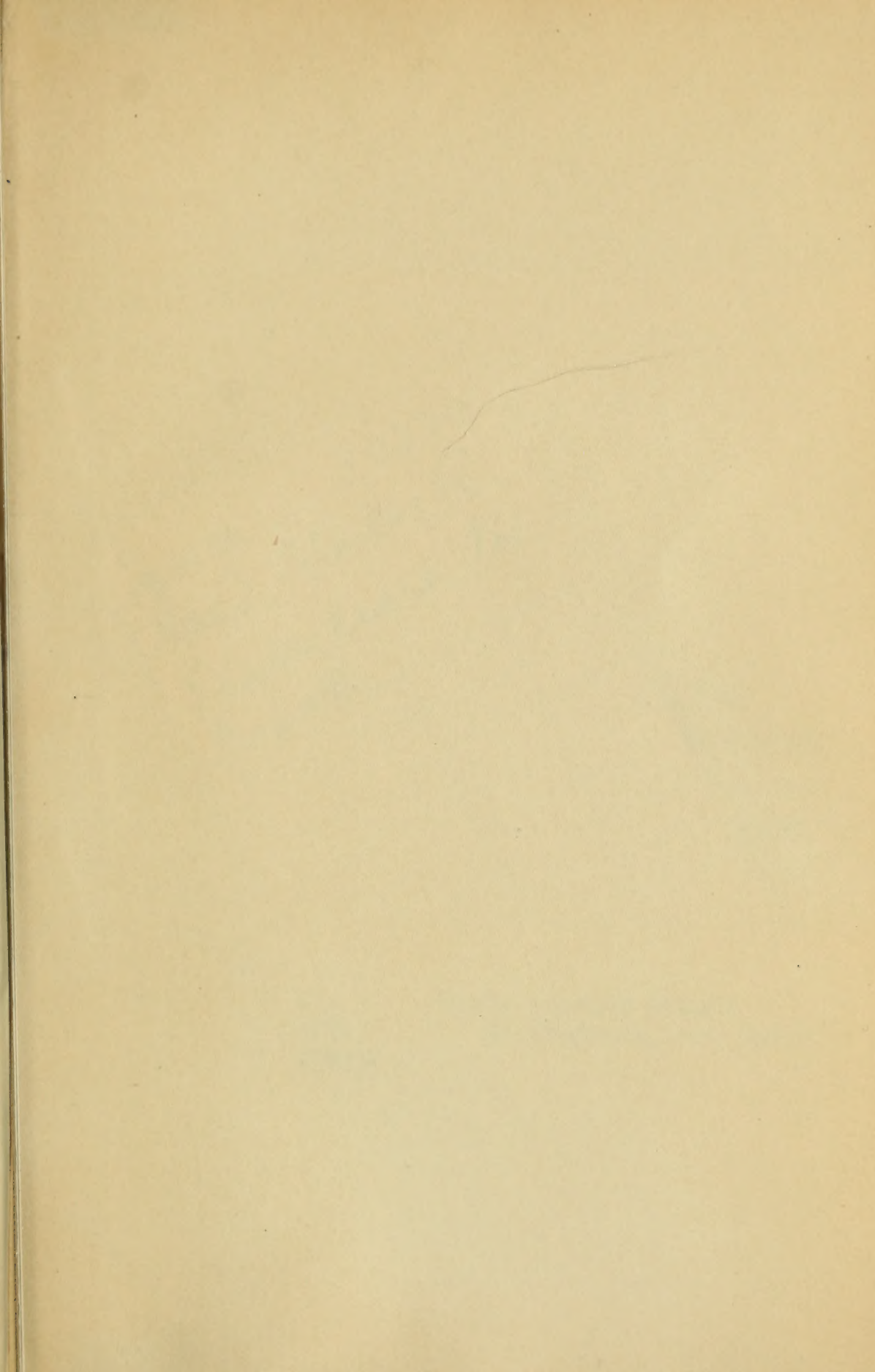
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